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INTRODUCTION TO THE LEAFLETS.

"Consider what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civil countries, in a thousand years, have set in best order the results of their learning and wisdom. The men themselves were hid and inaccessible, solitary, impatient of interruptions, fenced by etiquette; but the thought which they did not uncover to their bosom friend is here written out in transparent words to us, the strangers of another age." — RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

How can our young people be led to take pleasure in the writings of our best authors? An attempt to answer this important inquiry is the aim of these Leaflets. It is proposed, by their use in the school and the family, to develop a love for the beautiful thoughts, the noble and elevating sentiments, that pervade the choicest literature, and thus to turn aside that flood of pernicious reading which is deluging the children of our beloved country. It is hoped that they will prove effective instruments in securing the desired end, and an aid in the attainment of a higher mental and moral culture.

Our best writers, intelligent teachers, and lecturers on literary subjects have given suggestions and material for this work, and rendered its realization possible. Those who, knowing the power of a good thought well expressed, have endeavored to popularize works of acknowledged merit by means of copied extracts, marked passages, leaves torn from books, and other expensive and time-consuming expedients, will gladly welcome this new, convenient, and inexpensive arrangement of appropriate selections as helps to the progress they are attempting to secure. This plan and the selections used are the outgrowth of experiences in the school-room; and their utility and adaptation to the proposed aims have been proved.

By means of these *leaflets*, each teacher can have at command a larger range of authors than is otherwise possible. A few suggestions in regard to these *Leaflets* may not be amiss.

1. They may be used for reading at sight and for silent reading.
2. They may be employed for analysis of the author's meaning and language, which may well be made a prominent feature of the reading lesson, as it is the best preparation for a proper rendering of the passages given.
3. They may be distributed and each pupil allowed to choose his own favorite selection. This may afterwards be used, as its character or the pupil's inclination suggests, for sentiment, essay, reading, recitation, or declamation.
4. Mr. Longfellow's method, as mentioned in the sketch accompanying his poems, in this series of *Leaflets*, may be profitably followed, as it will promote a helpful interplay of thought between teacher and pupils, and lead unconsciously to a love and understanding of good authors.
5. Short quotations may be given in answer to the daily roll-call.

INTRODUCTION TO THE LEAFLETS.

6. Some of the selections are especially adapted to responsive and chorus class-reading.

7. The lyrical poems can be sung to some familiar tunes.

8. The sketch which will be found with each series may serve as the foundation for essays on the author's life and works.

9. The illustrations may be employed as subjects for language lessons, thus cultivating the powers of observation and expression.

All these methods combined may be made to give pleasure to the pupils' friends, and make it feasible to entertain them oftener than is now the custom, and will create at the same time an interest in the school and a sympathy with the author whose works are the subjects of study.

The foregoing is by no means a necessary order, and teachers will vary from it as their own appreciation of the intelligence of their pupils and the interest of the exercise shall suggest. The object to be kept in view is, pleasantly to introduce the works of our best authors to growing minds, and then to develop a taste for the best in literature, so that the world of books may become an un-failing source of inspiration and delight.

J. E. H.

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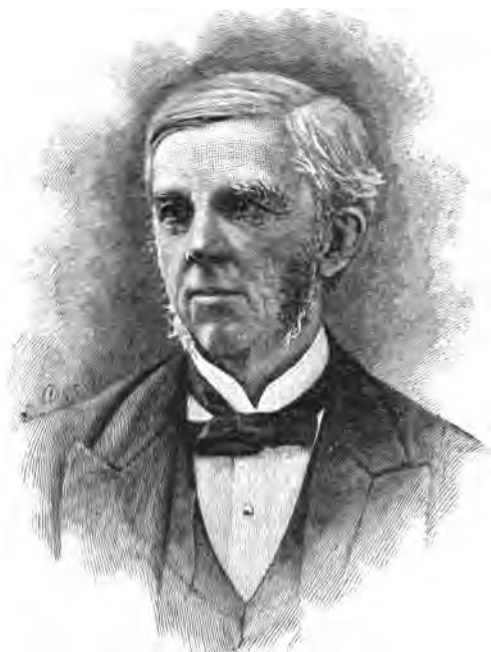
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LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS.

HOLMES.



Oliver Wendell Holmes.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

IN December, 1879, the publishers of the "Atlantic Monthly" celebrated the seventieth year of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, by giving a breakfast in his honor and inviting to it many who had been associated with him in his literary life. The breakfast was not given on his birthday. That was the 29th of August. There is an old almanac of the year 1809 which belonged to Dr. Holmes's father, the Rev. Dr. Abiel Holmes, who was minister of the

First Church in Cambridge; against the date of August 29, there was written *son b*. In those days blotting paper was not used, but on every desk stood a pepper-box of sand, and to dry the ink one sprinkled sand upon the freshly written lines. On these four letters which told more than seventy years ago that a child was born to the Cambridge minister, one can still see the shining grains of sand which never have been rubbed off. If you hold the paper in the light the sand sparkles. When the paper of that old almanac shall have crumbled to dust, the little grains of sand, if they could be preserved, would still sparkle in the sun.

That is much like the lasting brightness of Dr. Holmes's poetry and prose. The people who gathered about the breakfast table to honor the poet laughed merrily over the witty things that were said there; their lips trembled, too, over the touches of pathos, for humor and pathos follow each other as sunshine and cloud; they both spring from feeling, and the charm of Dr. Holmes's writing is in the quickness with which he smiles with those who smile, and weeps with those who weep. He is quick, too, to respond with indignation at wrong and with applause at what is heroic and honest.

The house in which Dr. Holmes was born stood in Cambridge, near the Gymnasium and the Law School of Harvard University. Here, in the early days of the War for Independence, was the headquarters of General Artemas Ward and of the Committee of Safety, and tradition says that on the steps of the house stood President Langdon of Harvard College and prayed for the men who halted there a moment as they marched to throw up intrenchments on Bunker Hill on the night of June 16, 1775. Dr. Holmes's father carried forward the fame of the house when he wrote there his "American Annals," the first careful record of American history written after the war, and there Dr. Holmes himself, when a young man, wrote the stirring lines "Old Ironsides." He left the old house long since, and now lives in Boston, by the side of Charles River; but every once in a while he has gone back in memory and imagination to the old house, and has written both verse and prose in its honor. At the end of his pleasant account of the old house in the "Poet at the Breakfast Table," he writes: "I do not know what special gifts have been granted or denied me; but this I know, that I am like so many others of my fellow-creatures, that when I smile, I feel as if they must; when I cry I think their eyes fill; and it always seems to me that when I am most truly myself I come nearest to them and am surest of being listened to by the brothers and sisters of the larger family into which I was born so long ago." The old house was torn down in 1884.

Dr. Holmes began early to wake the laughter and smiles of others. Just after he had left college he wrote "The Spectre Pig," "The Dorchester Giant," "Evening, by a Tailor," and other of his amusing poems. He wrote also at that time his tender lines on "The Cambridge Churchyard" and other lyrics; but the gaiety of youth sparkled in almost all of his work at that time. He was not an idler. Taking up first the study of law, he soon changed it for that of medicine, and then was appointed a professor of medi-

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

cine. Thus he had his title of Doctor, and for many years he wrote and taught steadily in his profession. At the breakfast given to him, President Eliot of Harvard University said : " I think that none of us can understand the meaning and scope of Dr. Holmes's writings unless we have observed that the daily work of his life has been to study and teach a natural science, — the noble science of anatomy. It is his to know with absolute exactness the form of every bone in this wonderful body of ours, the course of every artery and vein and nerve, the form and function of every muscle; and not only to know it, but to describe it with a fascinating precision and enthusiasm. When I read his writings I find the traces of this life-work of his on every page."

Thus, while there were readers everywhere who knew Dr. Holmes only as a



THE OLD GAMBREL-ROOFED HOUSE.

witty or graceful poet, there were many young men who knew him chiefly as a valued teacher. President Eliot thinks he wrote poetry better because he taught anatomy. We think so too, and that he taught better for writing poetry as he did. He knew the worth of close application to his science, and he knew that one works best who lets his heart have fullest play. We often say of a doctor that he succeeds because he has insight, and thus that some are born doctors. Dr. Holmes had this insight; he looked not only into the wondrous mechanism of the human body, but he perceived, as a poet does, the mingled web and woof of the human soul. So, after many years of professional work and occasional poems, he began to use in literature the knowledge which his life of study and feeling had brought him. He was known to his friends as a bright and joyous companion, one who was welcomed at the

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

table. He suddenly spread a table of his own for the whole world, beginning in "The Atlantic Monthly" a series of papers called "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." He imagined himself at a boarding-house with various people gathering at breakfast, and he wrote as if he were talking, with interruptions now and then from the listeners. He was so life-like in his story that people came to know the different boarders as if they were real persons, and yet they said but little at the table; the talk all flowed from the Autocrat, who poured forth a steady stream of prose and verse. From that time Dr. Holmes's fame grew rapidly, and his books, appearing first in the magazine, were read and re-read by thousands. Every one wanted him at their own table, and whenever there was a holiday, or a great dinner to some honored guest, or a gathering of Dr. Holmes's college class, nothing would do but the poet must sing his song. He was always ready, always fresh, and each new occasional poem has made him the more welcome.

At the breakfast in his honor he read his lines called "The Iron Gate," in which he says:—

"Youth longs and manhood strives, but age remembers,
Sits by the raked up ashes of the past,
Spreads its thin hands above the whitening embers
That warm its creeping life-blood till the last."

Dr. Holmes's youthfulness was never lost, but among the tenderest of his later poems are those which recall his early days. That is the poet's charming power, to keep us always in mind of the springs of life, to make the old new, and the dead live again. He died full of years, October 7, 1894.



THE POET TO THE CHILDREN.

DR. HOLMES'S LETTER TO THE SCHOOL CHILDREN OF CINCINNATI, OHIO,
ON THEIR CELEBRATION OF HIS SEVENTY-FIRST YEAR.

Boston, *November 20, 1880.*

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS, — You are doing me great honor by committing some of my lines to memory, and bringing me so kindly into remembrance. If I had known how much was to be made of my verses, I should have been more thoughtful and more careful in writing them. I began writing and printing my poems at an age when many are far advanced in wisdom, but I was boyish and immature. And so it happens that some productions of mine got established in my books which I look upon now as green fruit, which had better been left ungathered. I can trust the keen intelligence of my young readers to discover which these were. After all, it sometimes happens that youthful readers find a certain pleasure in writings which their authors find themselves to have outgrown, and shake their gray heads over as if they ought to have written like old men when they were boys. So, if any of you can laugh over any of my early verses, unbutton your small jackets and indulge in that pleasing convulsion to your heart's content.

But I sincerely hope that you will find something better in my pages, and if you will remember me by "The Chambered Nautilus," or "The Promise," or "The Living Temple," your memories will be a monument I shall think more of than of any of bronze or marble.

With the best wishes for your happy future, I am your friend,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.





HYMN FOR THE CLASS-MEETING.

THOU Gracious Power, whose mercy lends
The light of home, the smile of friends,
Our gathered flock thine arms infold
As in the peaceful days of old.

Wilt thou not hear us while we raise,
In sweet accord of solemn praise,
The voices that have mingled long
In joyous flow of mirth and song?

For all the blessings life has brought,
For all its sorrowing hours have taught,
For all we mourn, for all we keep,
The hands we clasp, the loved that sleep;

The noontide sunshine of the past,
Those brief, bright moments fading fast,
The stars that gild our darkening years,
The twilight ray from holier spheres;

We thank thee, Father! let thy grace
Our narrowing circle still embrace,
Thy mercy shed its heavenly store,
Thy peace be with us evermore!

LINES.

I'M ashamed, — that's the fact, —
 it's a pitiful case, —
 Won't any kind classmate get up in
 my place?
 Just remember how often I've risen
 before, —
 I blush as I straighten my legs on the
 floor!

There are stories, once pleasing, too
 many times told, —
 There are beauties once charming, too
 fearfully old, —
 There are voices we've heard till we
 know them so well,
 Though they talked for an hour
 they'd have nothing to tell.

Yet, Classmates ! Friends ! Brothers !
 dear blessed old boys !
 Made one by a lifetime of sorrows
 and joys,
 What lips have such sounds as the
 poorest of these,
 Though honeyed, like Plato's, by musi-
 cal bees ?

What voice is so sweet and what
 greeting so dear
 As the simple, warm welcome that
 waits for us here ?

The love of our boyhood still breathes
 in its tone,
 And our hearts throb the answer,
 "He's one of our own !"

Nay ! count not our numbers ; some
 sixty we know,
 But these are above, and those under
 the snow ;
 And thoughts are still mingled where-
 ever we meet
 For those we remember with those
 that we greet.

We have rolled on life's journey, —
 how fast and how far !
 One round of humanity's many-
 wheeled car,
 But up-hill and down-hill, through
 rattle and rub,
 Old, true Twenty-niners ! we've stuck
 to our hub !

While a brain lives to think, or a
 bosom to feel,
 We will cling to it still like the spokes
 of a wheel !
 And age, as it chills us, shall fasten
 the tire
 That youth fitted round in his circle
 of fire !



THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets
 feign,
 Sails the unshadowed main, —
 The venturous bark that flings
 On the sweet summer wind its purpled
 wings
 In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren
 sings,
 And coral reefs lie bare,
 Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun
 their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more un-
 furl;
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
 And every chambered cell,
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont
 to dwell,
 As the frail tenant shaped his growing
 shell,
 Before thee lies revealed, —
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless
 crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
 That spread his lustrous coil;
 Still, as the spiral grew,
 He left the past year's dwelling for
 the new,

Stole with soft step its shining arch-
 way through,
 Built up its idle door,
 Stretched in his last-found home, and
 knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message
 brought by thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap, forlorn!
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is
 born
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathed
 horn!

While on mine ear it rings,
 Through the deep caves of thought I
 hear a voice that sings : —

Build thee more stately mansions, O
 my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll!
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!
 Let each new temple, nobler than the
 last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome
 more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's
 unresting sea !





THE LIVING TEMPLE.

Nor in the world of light alone,
Where God has built his blazing
throne,

Nor yet alone in earth below,
With belted seas that come and go,
And endless isles of sunlit green,
Is all thy Maker's glory seen:
Look in upon thy wondrous frame, —
Eternal wisdom still the same!

The smooth, soft air with pulse-like
waves

Flows murmuring through its hidden
caves,

Whose streams of brightening purple
rush,

Fired with a new and livelier blush,
While all their burden of decay
The ebbing current steals away,
And red with Nature's flame they
start

From the warm fountains of the heart.

No rest that throbbing slave may ask,
Forever quivering o'er his task,
While far and wide a crimson jet
Leaps forth to fill the woven net
Which in unnumbered crossing tides
The flood of burning life divides,

Then, kindling each decaying part
Creeps back to find the throbbing
heart.

But warmed with that unchanging
flame

Behold the outward moving frame,
Its living marbles jointed strong
With glistening band and silvery
thong,

And linked to reason's guiding reins
By myriad rings in trembling chains,
Each graven with the threaded zone
Which claims it as the Master's
own.

See how yon beam of seeming white
Is braided out of seven-hued light,
Yet in those lucid globes no ray
By any chance shall break astray.
Hark how the rolling surge of sound,
Arches and spirals circling round,
Wakes the hushed spirit through thine
ear

With music it is heaven to hear.

Then mark the cloven sphere that
holds

All thought in its mysterious folds;

LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS.

That feels sensation's faintest thrill,
And flashes forth the sovereign will;
Think on the stormy world that dwells
Locked in its dim and clustering
cells!

The lightning gleams of power it
sheds
Along its hollow glassy threads!

O Father! grant thy love divine
To make these mystic temples thine !
When wasting age and wearying strife
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,
When darkness gathers over all,
And the last tottering pillars fall,
Take the poor dust thy mercy warms,
And mould it into heavenly forms'



THE TWO ARMIES.

As Life's unending column pours,
Two marshalled hosts are seen, —
Two armies on the trampled shores
That Death flows black between.

One marches to the drum-beat's roll,
The wide-mouthed clarion's bray,
And bears upon a crimson scroll,
“Our glory is to slay.”

One moves in silence by the stream,
With sad, yet watchful eyes,
Calm as the patient planet's gleam
That walks the clouded skies.

Along its front no sabres shine,
No blood-red pennons wave;
Its banner bears the single line,
“Our duty is to save.”

For those no death-bed's lingering
shade;
At Honor's trumpet-call,
With knitted brow and lifted blade
In Glory's arms they fall.

For these no clashing falchions bright,
No stirring battle-cry;
The bloodless stabber calls by night, —
Each answers, “Here am I!”

For those the sculptor's laurelled
bust,
The builder's marble piles,
The anthems pealing o'er their dust
Through long cathedral aisles.

For these the blossom-sprinkled turf
That floods the lonely graves
When Spring rolls in her sea-green
surf
In flowery-foaming waves.

Two paths lead upward from below,
And angels wait above,
Who count each burning life-drop's
flow,
Each falling tear of Love.

Though from the Hero's bleeding
breast
Her pulses Freedom drew,
Though the white lilies in her crest
Sprang from that scarlet dew, —

While Valor's haughty champions
wait
Till all their scars are shown,
Love walks unchallenged through the
gate,
To sit beside the Throne!





ALBUM VERSES.

WHEN Eve had led her lord away,
And Cain had killed his brother,
The stars and flowers, the poets say,
Agreed with one another

To cheat the cunning tempter's art,
And teach the race its duty,
By keeping on its wicked heart
Their eyes of light and beauty.

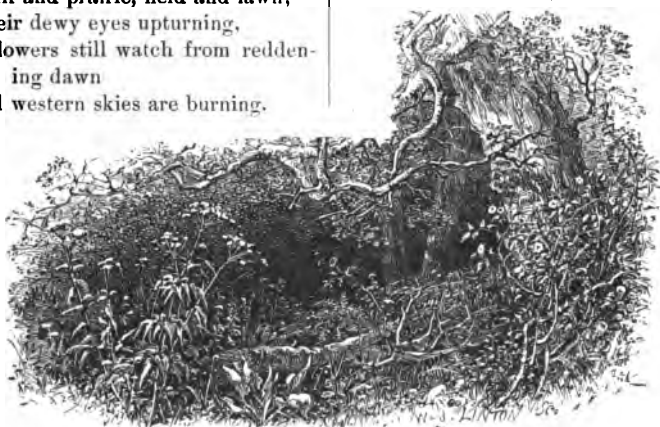
A million sleepless lids, they say,
Will be at least a warning;
And so the flowers would watch by
day,
The stars from eve to morning.

On hill and prairie, field and lawn,
Their dewy eyes upturning,
The flowers still watch from reddening dawn
Till western skies are burning.

Alas ! each hour of daylight tells
A tale of shame so crushing,
That some turn white as sea-bleached
shells,
And some are always blushing.

But when the patient stars look down
On all their light discovers,
The traitor's smile, the murderer's
frown,
The lips of lying lovers,

They try to shut their saddening eyes,
And in the vain endeavor
We see them twinkling in the skies,
And so they wink forever.



CONTENTMENT.

"Man wants but little here below."

LITTLE I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone,
(A *very plain* brown stone will
do,)

That I may call my own; —
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten; —
If Nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three. Amen!
I always thought cold victual nice; —
My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land; —
Give me a mortgage here and
there, —
Some good bank-stock, some note of
hand,

Or trifling railroad share, —
I only ask that Fortune send
A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,
And titles are but empty names;
I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo, —
But only near St. James;
I'm very sure I should not care
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are bawbles; 't is a sin
To care for such unfruitful things; —
One good-sized diamond in a pin, —
Some, *not so large*, in rings, —
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,
Will do for me; — I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire;
(Good, heavy silks are never
dear;) —

I own perhaps I *might* desire
Some shawls of true Cashmere, —
Some marrowy crapes of China silk,
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive
So fast that folks must stop and
stare;

An easy gait — two, forty-five —
Suits me; I do not care; —
Perhaps, for just a *single spurt*,
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures, I should like to own
Titians and Raphaels three or
four, —

I love so much their style and tone, —
One Turner, and no more,
(A landscape, — foreground golden
dirt, —

The sunshine painted with a squirt.)

Of books but few, — some fifty score
For daily use, and bound for wear;
The rest upon an upper floor; —
Some *little* luxury *there*
Of red morocco's gilded gleam,
And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems, — such things
as these,

Which others often show for pride,
I value for their power to please,
And selfish churls deride; —

LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS.

One Stradivarius, I confess,
Two Meerschaums, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn

Nor ape the glittering upstart fool; —

Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
But *all* must be of buhl?

Give grasping pomp its double share,—
I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for Midas' golden touch;
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,

I shall not miss them *much*, —
Too grateful for the blessing lent
Of simple tastes and mind content!



THE FAULTS OF CONVERSATION.

WHAT are the great faults of conversation? Want of ideas, want of words, want of manners, are the principal ones, I suppose you think. I don't doubt it, but I will tell you what I have found spoil more good talks than anything else; — long arguments on special points between people who differ on the fundamental principles upon which these points depend. No men can have satisfactory relations with each other until they have agreed on certain *ultima* of belief not to be disturbed in ordinary conversation, and unless they have sense enough to trace the secondary questions depending upon these ultimate beliefs to their source. In short, just as a written constitution is essential to the best social order, so a code of finalities is a necessary condition of profitable talk between two persons. Talking is like playing on the harp; there is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop their vibrations as in twanging them to bring out their music.

Do you mean to say the pun-question is not clearly settled in your minds? Let me lay down the law upon the subject. Life and language are alike sacred. Homicide and *verbicide* — that is, violent treatment of a word with fatal results to its legitimate meaning, which is its life — are alike forbidden. Man-slaughter, which is the meaning of the one, is the same as man's laughter, which is the end of the other. A pun is *primâ facie* an insult to the person you are talking with. It implies utter indifference to or sublime contempt for his remarks, no matter how serious. I speak of total depravity, and one says all that is written on the subject is deep raving. I have committed my self-respect by talking with such a person. I should like to commit him, but cannot, because he is a nuisance. Or I speak of geological convulsions, and he asks me what was the cosine of Noah's ark; also, whether the Deluge was not a deal huger than any modern inundation.

A pun does not commonly justify a blow in return. But if a blow were given for such cause, and death ensued, the jury would be judges both of the facts and of the pun, and might, if the latter were of an aggravated character, return a verdict of justifiable homicide. Thus, in a case lately decided before Miller, J., Doe presented Roe a subscription paper, and urged the claims of suffering humanity. Roe replied by asking, When charity was like a top? It was in evidence that Doe preserved a dignified silence. Roe then said, "When it begins to hum." Doe then — and not till then — struck Roe, and his head happening to hit a bound volume of the "Monthly Rag-bag and Stolen Miscellany," intense mortification ensued, with a fatal result. The chief laid down his notions of the law to his brother justices, who unanimously replied, "Jest so." The chief rejoined, that no man should jest so without being punished for it, and charged for the prisoner, who was acquitted, and

LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS.

the pun ordered to be burned by the sheriff. The bound volume was forfeited as a deodand, but not claimed.

People that make puns are like wanton boys that put coppers on the railroad tracks. They amuse themselves and other children, but their little trick may upset a freight train of conversation for the sake of a battered witticism. —
From THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.



OLD IRONSIDES.

AY, tear her tattered ensign down !
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky ;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar ;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more !

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee ;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea !

O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave ;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave ;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale !



LANGUAGE.

SOME words on LANGUAGE may be
 well applied,
 And take them kindly, though they
 touch your pride;
 Words lead to things; a scale is more
 precise, —
 Coarse speech, bad grammar, swear-
 ing, drinking, vice.
 Our cold Northeaster's icy fetter
 clips
 The native freedom of the Saxon lips;
 See the brown peasant of the plastic
 South,
 How all his passions play about his
 mouth!
 With us, the feature that transmits the
 soul,
 A frozen, passive, palsied breathing-
 hole.
 The crampy shackles of the plough-
 boy's walk
 Tie the small muscles when he strives
 to talk;
 Not all the pumice of the polished
 town
 Can smooth this roughness of the
 barnyard down;
 Rich, honored, titled, he betrays his
 race
 By this one mark, — he's awkward in
 the face; —
 Nature's rude impress, long before he
 knew
 The sunny street that holds the sifted
 few.
 It can't be helped, though, if we're
 taken young,
 We gain some freedom of the lips and
 tongue;
 But school and college often try in
 vain
 To break the padlock of our boyhood's
 chain:

One stubborn word will prove this
 axiom true, —
 No quondam rustic can enunciate
view.
 A few brief stanzas may be well em-
 ployed
 To speak of errors we can all avoid.
 Learning condemns beyond the
 reach of hope
 The careless lips that speak of sōap
 for sōap;
 Her edict exiles from her fair abode
 The clownish voice that utters rōad
 for rōad:
 Less stern to him who calls his cōat a
 cōat,
 And steers his bōat, believing it a
 bōat,
 She pardoned one, our classic city's
 boast,
 Who said at Cambridge, mōst instead
 of mōst,
 But knit her brows and stamped her
 angry foot
 To hear a Teacher call a rōot a rōot.
 Once more; speak clearly, if you
 speak at all;
 Carve every word before you let it
 fall;
 Don't, like a lecturer or dramatic
 star,
 Try over hard to roll the British R;
 Do put your accents in the proper
 spot;
 Don't, — let me beg you, — don't say
 "How?" for "What?"
 And, when you stick on conversation's
 burrs,
 Don't strew your pathway with those
 dreadful *urs*.
 From A RHYMED LESSON.

LANGUAGE.

LANGUAGE!—the blood of the soul, Sir! into which our thoughts run and out of which they grow! We know what a word is worth here in Boston. Young Sam Adams got up on the stage at Commencement, out at Cambridge there, with his gown on, the Governor and Council looking on in the name of his Majesty, King George the Second, and the girls looking down out of the galleries, and taught people how to spell a word that was n't in the Colonial dictionaries! *R-e, re, s-i-s, sis; t-a-n-c-e, tance, Resistance!* That was in '43, and it was a good many years before the Boston boys began spelling it with their muskets;—but when they did begin, they spelt it so loud that the old bedridden women in the English almshouses heard every syllable! Yes, yes, yes,—it was a good while before those other two Boston boys got the class so far along that it could spell those two hard words, *Independence* and *Union!* I tell you what, Sir, there are a thousand lives, aye, sometimes a million, go to get a new word into a language that is worth speaking. We know what language means too well here in Boston to play tricks with it. We never make a new word till we have made a new thing or a new thought, Sir!

From THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.





OUR YANKEE GIRLS.

LET greener lands and bluer skies,
 If such the wide earth shows,
 With fairer cheeks and brighter eyes,
 Match us the star and rose;
 The winds that lift the Georgian's
 veil,
 Or wave Circassia's curls,
 Waft to their shores the sultan's
 sail,—
 Who buys our Yankee girls?

The gay grisette, whose fingers touch
 Love's thousand chords so well;
 The dark Italian, loving much,
 But more than *one* can tell;
 And England's fair-haired, blue-eyed
 dame,
 Who binds her brow with pearls;—
 Ye who have seen them, can they
 shame
 Our own sweet Yankee girls?

And what if court or castle vaunt
 Its children loftier born? —
 Who heeds the silken tassel's flaunt
 Beside the golden corn?
 They ask not for the dainty toil
 Of ribboned knights and earls,
 The daughters of the virgin
 soil,
 Our freeborn Yankee girls!

By every hill whose stately pines
 Wave their dark arms above
 The home where some fair being
 shines,
 To warm the wilds with love,
 From barest rock to bleakest shore
 Where farthest sail unfurls,
 That stars and stripes are streaming
 o'er, —
 God bless our Yankee girls!



TRUTHS AND LIES COMPARABLE TO CUBES AND SPHERES.

WHEN we are as yet small children, long before the time when those two grown ladies offer us the choice of Hercules, there comes up to us a youthful angel, holding in his right hand cubes like dice, and in his left spheres like marbles. The cubes are of stainless ivory, and on each is written in letters of gold — TRUTH. The spheres are veined and streaked and spotted beneath, with a dark crimson flush above, where the light falls on them, and in a certain aspect you can make out upon every one of them the three letters L, I, E. The child to whom they are offered very probably clutches at both. The spheres are the most convenient things in the world ; they roll with the least possible impulse just where the child would have them. The cubes will not roll at all ; they have a great talent for standing still, and always keep right side up. But very soon the young philosopher finds that things which roll so easily are very apt to roll into the wrong corner, and to get out of his way when he most wants them, while he always knows where to find the others, which stay where they are left. Thus he learns — thus we learn — to drop the streaked and speckled globes of falsehood and to hold fast the white angular blocks of truth. But then comes Timidity, and after her Good-Nature, and last of all Polite Behavior, all insisting that truth must *roll*, or nobody can do anything with it ; and so the first with her coarse rasp, and the second with her broad file, and the third with her silken sleeve, do so round off and smooth and polish the snow-white cubes of truth, that, when they have got a little dingy by use, it becomes hard to tell them from the rolling spheres of falsehood. — *From THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.*



ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

CELEBRATION OF THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, FEB. 22, 1856

WELCOME to the day returning,
Dearer still as ages flow,
While the torch of Faith is burning,
Long as Freedom's altars glow !
See the hero whom it gave us
Slumbering on a mother's breast ;
For the arm he stretched to save us,
Be its morn forever blest !

Hear the tale of youthful glory,
While of Britain's rescued band
Friend and foe repeat the story,
Spread his fame o'er sea and land,
Where the red cross, proudly stream-
ing,
Flaps above the frigate's deck,
Where the golden lilies, gleaming,
Star the watch-towers of Quebec.

Look ! The shadow on the dial
Marks the hour of deadlier strife ;
Days of terror, years of trial,
Scourge a nation into life.
Lo, the youth, become her leader !
All her baffled tyrants yield ;
Through his arm the Lord hath freed
her ;
Crown him on the tented field !

Vain is Empire's mad temptation !
Not for him an earthly crown !
He whose sword hath freed a nation
Strikes the offered sceptre down.
See the throneless Conqueror seated,
Ruler by a people's choice ;
See the Patriot's task completed ;
Hear the Father's dying voice !

“ By the name that you inherit,
By the sufferings you recall,
Cherish the fraternal spirit ;
Love your country first of all !
Listen not to idle questions
If its bands may be untied ;
Doubt the patriot whose suggestions
Strive a nation to divide ! ”

Father ! We, whose ears have tingled
With the discord-notes of shame,
We, whose sires their blood have min-
gled
In the battle's thunder-flame,
Gathering, while this holy morning
Lights the land from sea to sea,
Hear thy counsel, heed thy warn-
ing ;
Trust us, while we honor thee !

THE OPENING OF THE PIANO.

IN the little southern parlor of the house you may have seen,
With the gambrel-roof, and the gable looking westward to the green,
At the side toward the sunset, with the window on its right,
Stood the London-made piano I am dreaming of to-night !

Ah me ! how I remember the evening when it came !
What a cry of eager voices, what a group of cheeks in flame,
When the wondrous box was opened that had come from over seas,
With its smell of mastic-varnish and its flash of ivory keys !

Then the children all grew fretful in the restlessness of joy ;
For the boy would push his sister, and the sister crowd the boy,
Till the father asked for quiet in his grave paternal way,
But the mother hushed the tumult with the words, " Now, Mary, play."

For the dear soul knew that music was a very sovereign balm ;
She had sprinkled it over Sorrow and seen its brow grow calm,
In the days of slender harpsichords with tapping tinkling quills,
Or carolling to her spinet with its thin metallic thrills.

So Mary, the household minstrel, who always loved to please,
Sat down to the new " Clementi," and struck the glittering keys.
Hushed were the children's voices, and every eye grew dim,
As, floating from lip and finger, arose the " Vesper Hymn."

— Catherine, child of a neighbor, curly and rosy-red,
(Wedded since, and a widow, — something like ten years dead,)
Hearing a gush of music such as none before,
Steals from her mother's chamber and peeps at the open door.

Just as the " Jubilate " in threaded whisper dies,
" Open it ! open it, lady ! " the little maiden cries,
(For she thought 't was a singing creature caged in a box she heard,)
" Open it ! open it, lady ! and let me see the bird ! "



THE LOVE FOR THE RIDICULOUS.

It is a very dangerous thing for a literary man to indulge his love for the ridiculous. People laugh *with* him just so long as he amuses them; but if he attempts to be serious, they must still have their laugh, and so they laugh *at* him. There is in addition, however, a deeper reason for this than would at first appear. Do you know that you feel a little superior to every man who makes you laugh, whether by making faces or verses? Are you aware that you have a pleasant sense of patronizing him, when you condescend so far as to let him turn somersets, literal or literary, for your royal delight? Now if a man can only be allowed to stand on a dais, or raised platform, and look down on his neighbor who is exerting his talent for him, oh, it is all right! — first-rate performance! — and all the rest of the fine phrases. But if all at once the performer asks the gentleman to come upon the floor, and, stepping upon the platform, begins to talk down at him, — ah, that was n't in the programme!

I have never forgotten what happened when Sydney Smith — who, as everybody knows, was an exceedingly sensible man, and a gentleman, every inch of him — ventured to preach a sermon on the Duties of Royalty. The “Quarterly,” “so savage and tartarly,” came down upon him in the most contemptuous style, as “a joker of jokes,” a “diner-out of the first water,” in one of his own phrases; sneering at him, insulting him, as nothing but a toady of a court, sneaking behind the anonymous, would ever have been mean enough to do to a man of his position and genius, or to any decent person even. — If I were giving advice to a young fellow of talent, with two or three facets to his mind, I would tell him by all means to keep his wit in the background until after he had made a reputation by his more solid qualities. And so to an actor: Hamlet first, and Bob Logic afterwards, if you like; but don't think, as they say poor Liston used to, that people will be ready to allow that you can do anything great with Macbeth's dagger after flourishing about with Paul Pry's umbrella. Do you know, too, that the majority of men look upon all who challenge their attention, — for a while, at least, — as beggars and nuisances? They always try to get off as cheaply as they can; and the cheapest of all things they can give a literary man — pardon the forlorn pleasantry! — is the *funny-bone*. That is all very well so far as it goes, but satisfies no man, and makes a good many angry, as I told you on a former occasion. — *From THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.*

LEXINGTON.

SLOWLY the mist o'er the meadow
was creeping,

Bright on the dewy buds glistened
the sun,

When from his couch, while his chil-
dren were sleeping,

Rose the bold rebel and shouldered
his gun.

Waving her golden veil
Over the silent dale,

Blithe looked the morning on cottage
and spire;

Hushed was his parting sigh,

While from his noble eye

Flashed the last sparkle of liberty's
fire.

On the smooth green where the fresh
leaf is springing

Calmly the first-born of glory have
met;

Hark! the death-volley around them
is ringing!

Look! with their life-blood the
young grass is wet!

Faint is the feeble breath,

Murmuring low in death,

"Tell to our sons how their fathers
have died";

Nerveless the iron hand,

Raised for its native land,

Lies by the weapon that gleams at its
side.

Over the hillsides the wild knell is
tolling,

From their far hamlets the yeo-
manry come;

As through the storm-clouds the thun-
der-burst rolling,

Circles the beat of the mustering
drum.

Fast on the soldier's path

Darken the waves of wrath,

Long have they gathered and loud
shall they fall;

Red glares the musket's flash,

Sharp rings the rifle's crash,

Blazing and clanging from thicket and
wall.

Gayly the plume of the horseman was
dancing.

Never to shadow his cold brow
again;

Proudly at morning the war-steed was
prancing,

Reeking and panting he droops on
the rein;

Pale is the lip of scorn,

Voiceless the trumpet horn,

Torn is the silken-fringed red cross
on high;

Many a belted breast

Low on the turf shall rest,

Ere the dark hunters the herd have
passed by.

Snow-girdled crags where the hoarse
wind is raving,

Rocks where the weary floods mur-
mur and wail,

Wilds where the fern by the furrow
is waving,

Reeled with the echoes that rode on
the gale;

Far as the tempest thrills

Over the darkened hills,

Far as the sunshine streams over the
plain,

LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS.

Roused by the tyrant band,
Woke all the mighty land,
Girded for battle from mountain to
main.

Green be the graves where her mar-
tyrs are lying!
Shroudless and tombless they sunk
to their rest, —
While o'er their ashes the starry fold
flying

Wraps the proud eagle they roused
from his nest.
Borne on her Northern pine,
Long o'er the foaming brine
Spread her broad banner to storm and
to sun ;
Heaven keep her ever free,
Wide as o'er land and sea
Floats the fair emblem her heroes
have won!



UNION AND LIBERTY.

FLAG of the heroes who left us their
glory,
Borne through their battle-fields'
thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in
story,

Wave o'er us all who inherit their
fame!

Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from moun-
tain to shore,

While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry, —
UNION AND LIBERTY ! ONE EVER-
MORE !

Light of our firmament, guide of our
Nation,
Pride of her children, and honored
afar,

Let the wide beams of thy full con-
stellation

Scatter each cloud that would
darken a star!

Up with our banner bright, etc.

Empire unsceptred ! what foe shall as-
sail thee,

Bearing the standard of Liberty's
van?

Think not the God of thy fathers shall
fail thee,
Striving with men for the birthright
of man!

Up with our banner bright, etc.

Yet if, by madness and treachery
blighted,

Dawns the dark hour when the
sword thou must draw,

Then with the arms of thy millions
united,

Smite the bold traitors to Freedom
and Law !

Up with our banner bright, etc.

Lord of the Universe ! shield us and
guide us,

Trusting thee always, through shad-
ow and sun !

Thou hast united us, who shall divide
us ?

Keep us, O keep us the MANY IN
ONE ?

Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from moun-
tain to shore,

While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry, —

UNION AND LIBERTY ! ONE EVER-
MORE !



GENIUS.

IF you have the consciousness of genius, do something to show it. The world is pretty quick, nowadays, to catch the flavor of true originality ; if you write anything remarkable, the magazines and newspapers will find you out, as the school-boys find out where the ripe apples and pears are. Produce anything really good, and an intelligent editor will jump at it. Don't flatter yourself that any article of yours is rejected because you are unknown to fame. Nothing pleases an editor more than to get anything worth having from a new hand. There is always a dearth of really fine articles for a first-rate journal ; for, of a hundred pieces received, ninety are at or below the sea-level ; some have water enough, but no head ; some head enough, but no water ; only two or three are from full reservoirs, high up that hill which is so hard to climb.

You may have genius. The contrary is of course probable, but it is not demonstrated. If you have, the world wants you more than you want it. It has not only a desire, but a passion, for every spark of genius that shows itself among us ; there is not a bull-calf in our national pasture that can bleat at rhyme but it is ten to one, among his friends, and no takers, that he is the real, genuine, no-mistake Osiris.

From THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

How we all like the spirting up of a fountain, seemingly against the law that makes water everywhere slide, roll, leap, tumble headlong, to get as low as the earth will let it ! That is genius. But what is this transient upward movement, which gives us the glitter and the rainbow, to that unsleeping, all-present force of gravity, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever (if the universe be eternal), — the great outspread hand of God himself, forcing all things down into their places, and keeping them there ? Such, in smaller proportion, is the force of character to the fitful movements of genius, as they are or have been linked to each other in many a household, where one name was historic, and the other, let me say the nobler, unknown, save by some faint reflected ray, borrowed from its lustrous companion.

From THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

A MAN of genius, or any kind of superiority, is not debarred from admiring the same quality in another, nor the other from returning his admiration.

From THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.



GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF BUNKER-HILL BATTLE.

AS SHE SAW IT FROM THE BELFRY.

'T is like stirring living embers when, at eighty, one remembers
All the achings and the quakings of "the times that tried men's souls;"
When I talk of *Whig* and *Tory*, when I tell the *Rebel* story,
To you the words are ashes, but to me they're burning coals.

I had heard the muskets' rattle of the April running battle;
Lord Percy's hunted soldiers, I can see their red coats still;
But a deadly chill comes o'er me, as the day looms up before me,
When a thousand men lay bleeding on the slopes of Bunker's Hill.

'T was a peaceful summer's morning, when the first thing gave us warning
Was the booming of the cannon from the river and the shore:
"Child," says grandma, "what's the matter, what is all this noise and clatter?
Have those scalping Indian devils come to murder us once more?"

Poor old soul! my sides were shaking in the midst of all my quaking,
To hear her talk of Indians when the guns began to roar:
She had seen the burning village, and the slaughter and the pillage,
When the Mohawks killed her father with their bullets through his door.

Then I said, "Now, dear old granny, don't you fret and worry any,
For I'll soon come back and tell you whether this is work or play;
There can't be mischief in it, so I won't be gone a minute" —
For a minute then I started. I was gone the livelong day.

No time for bodice-lacing or for looking-glass grimacing;
Down my hair went as I hurried, tumbling half-way to my heels;
God forbid your ever knowing, when there's blood around her flowing,
How the lonely, helpless daughter of a quiet household feels!

LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS.

In the street I heard a thumping; and I knew it was the stumping
Of the Corporal, our old neighbor, on that wooden leg he wore,
With a knot of women round him, — it was lucky I had found him,
So I followed with the others, and the Corporal marched before.

They were making for the steeple, — the old soldier and his people;
The pigeons circled round us as we climbed the creaking stair,
Just across the narrow river — O, so close it made me shiver ! —
Stood a fortress on the hill-top that but yesterday was bare.

Not slow our eyes to find it; well we knew who stood behind it,
Though the earthwork hid them from us, and the stubborn walls were dumb :
Here were sister, wife, and mother, looking wild upon each other,
And their lips were white with terror as they said, *THE HOUR HAS COME !*

The morning slowly wasted, not a morsel had we tasted,
And our heads were almost splitting with the cannons' deafening thrill,
When a figure tall and stately round the rampart strode sedately;
It was *PRESCOTT*, one since told me; he commanded on the hill.

Every woman's heart grew bigger when we saw his manly figure,
With the banyan buckled round it, standing up so straight and tall;
Like a gentleman of leisure who is strolling out for pleasure,
Through the storm of shells and cannon-shot he walked around the wall.

At eleven the streets were swarming, for the red-coats' ranks were forming;
At noon in marching order they were moving to the piers;
How the bayonets gleamed and glistened, as we looked far'down, and listened
To the trampling and the drum-beat of the belted grenadiers !

At length the men have started, with a cheer (it seemed faint-hearted),
In their scarlet regimentals, with their knapsacks on their backs,
And the reddening, rippling water, as after a sea-fight's slaughter,
Round the barges gliding onward blushed like blood along their tracks.

So they crossed to the other border, and again they formed in order;
And the boats came back for soldiers, came for soldiers, soldiers still :
The time seemed everlasting to us women faint and fasting, —
At last they 're moving, marching, marching proudly up the hill.

We can see the bright steel glancing all along the lines advancing —
Now the front rank fires a volley — they have thrown away their shot ;
For behind their earthwork lying, all the balls above them flying,
Our people need not hurry; so they wait and answer not.

Then the Corporal, our old cripple (he would swear sometimes and tittle), —
He had heard the bullets whistle (in the old French war) before, —
Calls out in words of jeering, just as if they all were hearing, —
And his wooden leg thumps fiercely on the dusty belfry floor : —

“ O ! fire away, ye villains, and earn King George's shillin's,
But ye 'll waste a ton of powder afore a ' rebel ' falls ;

You may bang the dirt and welcome, they're as safe as Dan'l Malcolm
Ten foot beneath the gravestone that you've splintered with your balls!"

In the hush of expectation, in the awe and trepidation
Of the dread approaching moment, we are wellnigh breathless all;
Though the rotten bars are failing on the rickety belfry railing,
We are crowding up against them like the waves against a wall.

Just a glimpse (the air is clearer,) they are nearer, — nearer, — nearer,
When a flash — a curling smoke wreath — then a crash — the steeple shakes —
The deadly truce is ended; the tempest's shroud is rended;
Like a morning mist it gathered, like a thunder-cloud it breaks!

O the sight our eyes discover as the blue-black smoke blows over!
The red-coats stretched in windrows as a mower rakes his hay;
Here a scarlet heap is lying, there a headlong crowd is flying
Like a billow that has broken and is shivered into spray.

Then we cried, "The troops are routed! they are beat — it can't be doubted!
God be thanked, the fight is over!" — Ah! the grim old soldier's smile!
"Tell us, tell us why you look so?" (we could hardly speak, we shook so), —
"Are they beaten? Are they beaten? ARE they beaten?" — "Wait a while."

O the trembling and the terror! for too soon we saw our error;
They are baffled, not defeated; we have driven them back in vain;
And the columns that were scattered, round the colors that were tattered,
Toward the sullen silent fortress turn their belted breasts again.

All at once, as we are gazing, lo the roofs of Charlestown blazing!
They have fired the harmless village; in an hour it will be down!
The Lord in heaven confound them, rain his fire and brimstone round them, —
The robbing, murdering red-coats, that would burn a peaceful town!

They are marching, stern and solemn! we can see each massive column
As they near the naked earth-mound with the slanting walls so steep.
Have our soldiers got faint-hearted, and in noiseless haste departed?
Are they panic-struck and helpless? Are they palsied or asleep?

Now! the walls they're almost under! scarce a rod the foes asunder!
Not a firelock flashed against them! up the earthwork they will swarm!
But the words have scarce been spoken, when the ominous calm is broken,
And a bellowing crash has emptied all the vengeance of the storm!

So again, with murderous slaughter, pelted backwards to the water,
Fly Pigot's running heroes and the frightened braves of Howe;
And we shout, "At last they're done for, it's their barges they have run for.
They are beaten, beaten, beaten; and the battle's over now!"

And we looked, poor timid creatures, on the rough old soldier's features,
Our lips afraid to question, but he knew what we would ask:
"Not sure," he said; "keep quiet, — once more, I guess, they'll try it —
Here's damnation to the cut-throats!" — then he handed me his flask,

Saying, "Gal, you 're looking shaky ; have a drop of old Jamaiky ;
I 'm afeard there 'll be more trouble afore the job is done ;"
So I took one scorching swallow ; dreadful faint I felt and hollow,
Standing there from early morning when the firing was begun.

All through those hours of trial I had watched a calm clock dial,
As the hands kept creeping, creeping, — they were creeping round to four,
When the old man said, "They 're forming with their bagonets fixed for
storming :

It 's the death-grip that 's a coming, — they will try the works once more."

With brazen trumpets blaring, the flames behind them glaring,
The deadly wall before them, in close array they come ;
Still onward, upward toiling, like a dragon's fold uncoiling, —
Like the rattlesnake's shrill warning the reverberating drum !

Over heaps all torn and gory — shall I tell the fearful story,
How they surged above the breast-work, as a sea breaks over a deck ;
How, driven, yet scarce defeated, our worn-out men retreated,
With their powder-horns all emptied, like the swimmers from a wreck ?

It has all been told and painted ; as for me, they say I fainted,
And the wooden-legged old Corporal stumped with me down the stair :
When I woke from dreams affrighted the evening lamps were lighted, —
On the floor a youth was lying ; his bleeding breast was bare.

And I heard through all the flurry, "Send for WARREN ! hurry ! hurry !
Tell him here 's a soldier bleeding, and he 'll come and dress his wound !"
Ah, we knew not till the morrow told its tale of death and sorrow,
How the starlight found him stiffened on the dark and bloody ground.

Who the youth was, what his name was, where the place from which he came
was,

Who had brought him from the battle and had left him at our door,
He could not speak to tell us ; but 't was one of our brave fellows,
As the homespun plainly showed us which the dying soldier wore.

For they all thought he was dying, as they gathered round him crying, —
And they said, "O, how they 'll miss him !" and, "What *will* his mother
do ?"

Then, his eyelids just unclosing like a child's that has been dozing,
He faintly murmured, "Mother !" — and — I saw his eyes were blue.

— "Why, grandma, how you 're winking !" — Ah, my child, it sets me thinking
Of a story not like this one. Well, he somehow lived along ;
So we came to know each other, and I nursed him like a — mother,
Till at last he stood before me, tall, and rosy-cheeked, and strong.

And we sometimes walked together in the pleasant summer weather ;
— "Please to tell us what his name was ?" — Just your own, my little dear, —
There 's his picture Copley painted : we became so well acquainted,
That — in short, that 's why I 'm grandma, and you children all are here !

INTELLECTS.

ONE-STORY intellects, two-story intellects, three-story intellects with skylights. All fact-collectors, who have no aim beyond their facts, are one-story men. Two-story men compare, reason, generalize, using the labors of the fact-collectors as well as their own. Three-story men idealize, imagine, predict; their best illumination comes from above, through the skylight. There are minds with large ground-floors, that can store an infinite amount of knowledge; some librarians, for instance, who know enough of books to help other people, without being able to make much other use of their knowledge, have intellects of this class. Your great working lawyer has two spacious stories; his mind is clear, because his mental floors are large, and he has room to arrange his thoughts so that he can get at them, — facts below, principles above, and all in ordered series; poets are often narrow below, incapable of clear statement, and with small power of consecutive reasoning, but full of light, if sometimes rather bare of furniture, in the attics.

From THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

THE dreaming faculties are always the dangerous ones, because their mode of action can be imitated by artificial excitement; the reasoning ones are safe, because they imply continued voluntary effort.

From THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

I RATHER think life can coin thought somewhat faster than I can count it off in words. What if one shall go round and dry up with soft napkins all the dew that falls of a June evening on the leaves of his garden? Shall there be no more dew on those leaves thereafter? Marry, yea, — many drops large and round and full of moonlight as those thou shalt have absterged!

From THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

THE wider the intellect, the larger and simpler the expressions in which its knowledge is embodied.

From THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

TO H. W. LONGFELLOW.

BEFORE HIS DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE, MAY 27, 1868.

OUR Poet, who has taught the Western breeze
To waft his songs before him o'er the seas,
Will find them wheresoe'r his wanderings reach
Borne on the spreading tide of English speech
Twin with the rhythmic waves that kiss the farthest beach.

Where shall the singing bird a stranger be
That finds a nest for him in every tree?
How shall he travel who can never go
Where his own voice the echoes do not know,
Where his own garden-flowers no longer learn to grow?

Ah, gentlest soul! how gracious, how benign
Breathes through our troubled life that voice of thine,
Filled with a sweetness born of happier spheres,
That wins and warms, that kindles, softens, cheers,
That calms the wildest woe and stays the bitterest tears!

Forgive the simple words that sound like praise;
The mist before me dims my gilded phrase;
Our speech at best is half alive and cold,
And save that tenderer moments make us bold
Our whitening lips would close, their truest truth untold.

We who behold our autumn sun below
The Scorpion's sign, against the Archer's bow,
Know well what parting means of friend from friend;
After the snows no freshening dews descend,
And what the frost has marred, the sunshine will not mend.

So we all count the months, the weeks, the days,
That keep thee from us in unwonted ways,
Grudging to alien hearths our widowed time;
And one has shaped a breath in artless rhyme
That sighs, "We track thee still through each remotest clime."

What wishes, longings, blessings, prayers shall be
The more than golden freight that floats with thee!
And know, whatever welcome thou shalt find, —
Thou who hast won the hearts of half mankind, —
The proudest, fondest love thou leavest still behind!



THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY.

WHAT flower is this that greets the
morn,

Its hues from Heaven so freshly born?
With burning star and flaming band
It kindles all the sunset land :

O tell us what its name may be, —
Is this the Flower of Liberty?

It is the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty !

In savage Nature's far abode
Its tender seed our fathers sowed ;
The storm-winds rocked its swelling
bud,

Its opening leaves were streaked with
blood,

Till lo! earth's tyrants shook to see
The full-blown Flower of Liberty!

Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Behold its streaming rays unite,
One mingling flood of braided light, —
The red that fires the Southern rose,
With spotless white from Northern
snows,

And, spangled o'er its azure, see
The sister Stars of Liberty!

Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

The blades of heroes fence it round,
Where'er it springs is holy ground;
From tower and dome its glories
spread ;

It waves where lonely sentries tread;
It makes the land as ocean free,
And plants an empire on the sea!

Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's
flower,

Shall ever float on dome and tower,
To all their heavenly colors true.

In blackening frost or crimson
dew, —

And God love us as we love thee,
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!

Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry FLOWER OF LIBERTY!

ARMY HYMN.

“Old Hundred.”

O LORD of Hosts! Almighty King !
Behold the sacrifice we bring !
To every arm Thy strength impart,
Thy spirit shed through every heart !

Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires ;
Thy hand hath made our Nation free ;
To die for her is serving Thee.

Be Thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe ;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

God of all Nations! Sovereign Lord!
In Thy dread name we draw the sword,
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard Thou its folds till Peace shall reign, —
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem, PRAISE TO THEE !



SPECIALISTS.

— WELL, — he said — I am hospitable enough in my feelings to him and all his tribe. These specialists are the coral-insects that build up a reef. By and by it will be an island, and for aught we know may grow into a continent. But I don't want to be a coral-insect myself. I had rather be a voyager that visits all the reefs and islands the creatures build, and sails over the seas where they have as yet built up nothing. I am a little afraid that science is breeding us down too fast into coral-insects. A man like Newton or Leibnitz or Haller used to paint a picture of outward or inward nature with a free hand, and stand back and look at it as a whole and feel like an archangel ; but nowadays you have a Society, and they come together and make a great mosaic, each man bringing his little bit and sticking it in its place, but so taken up with his petty fragment that he never thinks of looking at the picture the little bits make when they are put together. You can't get any talk out of these specialists away from their own subjects, any more than you can get help from a policeman outside of his own beat.

— Yes, — said I, — but why should n't we always set a man talking about the thing he knows best?

— No doubt, no doubt, if you meet him once ; but what are you going to do with him if you meet him every day? I travel with a man and we want to make change very often in paying bills. But every time I ask him to change a pistareen, or give me two fo'pencehappenies for a ninepence, or help me to make out two and thruppence (mark the old Master's archaisms about the currency), what does the fellow do but put his hand in his pocket and pull out an old Roman coin ; I have no change, says he, but this assarion of Diocletian. Mighty deal of good that 'll do me !

— It is n't quite so handy as a few specimens of the modern currency would be, but you can pump him on numismatics.

— To be sure, to be sure. I've pumped a thousand men of all they could teach me, or at least all I could learn from 'em ; and if it comes to that, I never saw the man that could n't teach me something. I can get along with everybody in his place, though I think the place of some of my friends is over there among the feeble-minded pupils, and I don't believe there's one of *them* I could 'nt go to school to for half an hour and be the wiser for it. But people you talk with every day have got to have feeders for their minds, as much as the stream that turns a mill-wheel has. It is n't one little rill that's going to keep the floatboards turning round. Take a dozen of the brightest men you can find in the brightest city, wherever that may be, — perhaps you and I think we know, — and let 'em come together once a month, and you 'll find out in the course of a year or two the ones that have feeders from all the hillsides. Your common talkers, that exchange the gossip of the day, have no wheel in particular to turn, and the wash of the rain as it runs down the street is enough for them.

— Do you mean you can always see the sources from which a man fills his mind, — his feeders, as you call them?

— I don't go quite so far as that, — the Master said. — I've seen men whose minds were always overflowing, and yet they did n't read much nor go

much into the world. Sometimes you'll find a bit of a pond-hole in a pasture, and you'll plunge your walking-stick into it and think you are going to touch bottom. But you find you are mistaken. Some of these little stagnant pond-holes are a good deal deeper than you think; you may tie a stone to a bed-cord and not get soundings in some of 'em. The country boys will tell you they have no bottom, but that only means that they are mighty deep; and so a good many stagnant, stupid-seeming people are a great deal deeper than the length of your intellectual walking-stick, I can tell you. There are hidden springs that keep the little pond-holes full when the mountain brooks are all dried up. You poets ought to know that.

— I can't help thinking you are more tolerant towards the specialists than I thought at first, by the way you seemed to look at our dried-up neighbor and his small pursuits.

— I don't like the word *tolerant*, — the Master said. — As long as the Lord can tolerate me I think I can stand my fellow-creatures. Philosophically I love 'em all; empirically, I don't think I am very fond of all of 'em. It depends on how you look at a man or a woman. Come here, Youngster, will you? — he said to That Boy.

The Boy was trying to catch a blue-bottle to add to his collection, and was indisposed to give up the chase; but he presently saw that the Master had taken out a small coin and laid it on the table, and felt himself drawn in that direction.

— Read that, — said the Master.

— U-n-i-ni — United States of America 5 cents.

The Master turned the coin over. — Now read that.

— In God is our t-r-u-s-t — trust. 1869.

— Is that the same piece of money as the other one?

— There ain't any other one, — said the Boy, — there ain't but one, but it's got two sides to it with different reading.

— That's it, that's it, — said the Master, — two sides to everybody, as there are to that piece of money. I've seen an old woman that would n't fetch five cents if you should put her up for sale at public auction; and yet come to read the other side of her, she had a trust in God Almighty that was like the bow anchor of a three-decker. It's faith in something and enthusiasm for something that makes a life worth looking at. I don't think your ant-eating specialist, with his sharp nose and pin-head eyes, is the best everyday companion; but any man who knows one thing well is worth listening to for once; and if you are of the large-brained variety of the race, and want to fill out your programme of the order of things in a systematic and exhaustive way, and get all the half-notes and flats and sharps of humanity into your scale, you'd a great deal better shut your front door and open your two side ones when you come across a fellow that has made a real business of doing anything.

That Boy stood all this time looking hard at the five-cent piece.

— Take it, — said the Master, with a good-natured smile.

The Boy made a snatch at it and was off for the purpose of investing it.

From THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

THE BOYS.

HAS there any old fellow got mixed
with the boys?

If there has, take him out, without
making a noise.

Hang the Almanac's cheat and the
Catalogue's spite!

Old time is a liar! We're twenty to-
night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who
says we are more?

He's tipsy, — young jackanapes! —
show him the door!

"Gray temples at twenty?" — Yes!
white if we please;

Where the snow-flakes fall thickest
there's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse
the mistake!

Look close, — you will see not a sign
of a flake!

We want some new garlands for those
we have shed, —

And these are white roses in place of
the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you
may have been told,

Of talking (in public) as if we were
old: —

That boy we call "Doctor," and this
we call "Judge;"

It's a neat little fiction, — of course
it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker," — the
one on the right;

"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how
are you to-night?

That's our "Member of Congress,"
we say when we chaff;

That's the "Reverend" What's his
name? — don't make me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathemati-
cal look

Made believe he had written a won-
derful book,

And the ROYAL SOCIETY thought it
was *true*!

So they chose him right in; a good
joke it was, too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a
three-decker brain,

That could harness a team with a
logical chain;

When he spoke for our manhood in
syllabled fire,

We called him "The Justice," but
now he's "The Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of ex-
cellent pith, —

Fate tried to conceal him by naming
him Smith;

But he shouted a song for the brave
and the free, —

Just read on his medal, "My coun-
try," "of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing? — You
think he's all fun;

But the angels laugh, too, at the good
he has done;

The children laugh loud as they troop
to his call,

And the poor man that knows him
laughs loudest of all!

LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS.

Yes, we 're boys, — always playing with tongue or with pen, ---	Then here 's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
And I sometimes have asked, — Shall we ever be men?	The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,	And when we have done with our life- lasting toys,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?	Dear Father, take care of thy chil- dren, THE BOYS?





UNDER THE WASHINGTON ELM, CAMBRIDGE.

APRIL 27, 1861.

EIGHTY years have passed, and
more,
Since under the brave old tree
Our fathers gathered in arms, and
swore

They would follow the sign their ban-
ners bore,
And fight till the land was free.

Half of their work was done,
Half is left to do, —
Cambridge, and Concord, and Lexing-
ton!

When the battle is fought and won,
What shall be told of you?

Hark! — 't is the south - wind
moans, —
Who are the martyrs down?

Ah, the marrow was true in your chil-
dren's bones
That sprinkled with blood the cursed
stones
Of the murder-haunted town!

What if the storm-clouds blow?
What if the green leaves fall?
Better the crashing tempest's throe
Than the army of worms that gnawed
below;
Trample them one and all!

Then, when the battle is won,
And the land from traitors free,
Our children shall tell of the strife
begun
When Liberty's second April sun
Was bright on our brave old tree!



THE ALLEGORY OF OLD AGE.

OLD AGE, this is Mr. Professor ; Mr. Professor, this is Old Age.

Old Age. — Mr. Professor, I hope to see you well. I have known you for some time, though I think you did not know me. Shall we walk down the street together?

Professor (drawing back a little). — We can talk more quietly, perhaps, in my study. Will you tell me how it is you seem to be acquainted with everybody you are introduced to, though he evidently considers you an entire stranger?

Old Age. — I make it a rule never to force myself upon a person's recognition until I have known him at least *five years*.

Professor. — Do you mean to say that you have known me so long as that?

Old Age. — I do. I left my card on you longer ago than that, but I am afraid you never read it ; yet I see you have it with you.

Professor. — Where?

Old Age. — There, between your eyebrows, — three straight lines running up and down ; all the probate courts know that token, — “ Old Age, his mark.” Put your forefinger on the inner end of one eyebrow, and your middle finger on the inner end of the other eyebrow ; now separate the fingers, and you will smooth out my sign-manual ; that's the way you used to look before I left my card on you.

Professor. — What message do people generally send back when you first call on them?

Old Age. — *Not at home.* Then I leave a card and go. Next year I call : get the same answer ; leave another card. So for five or six, — sometimes ten years or more. At last, if they don't let me in, I break in through the front door or the windows.

We talked together in this way some time. Then Old Age said again, — Come, let us walk down the street together, and offered me a cane, an eye-glass, a tippet, and a pair of over-shoes. — No, much obliged to you, said I. I don't want those things, and I had a little rather talk with you here, privately, in my study. So I dressed myself up in a jaunty way and walked out alone ; — got a fall, caught a cold, was laid up with a lumbago, and had time to think over this whole matter. — *From THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.*



THE PROMISE.

Not charity we ask,
Nor yet thy gift refuse ;
Please thy light fancy with the easy
task
Only to look and choose.

The little-headed toy
That wins thy treasured gold
May be the dearest memory, holiest
joy,
Of coming years untold.

Heaven rains on every heart,
But there its showers divide,
The drops of mercy choosing as they
part
The dark or glowing side.

One kindly deed may turn
The fountain of thy soul

To love's sweet day-star, that shall
o'er thee burn
Long as its currents roll!

The pleasures thou hast planned, —
Where shall their memory be
When the white angel with the freez-
ing hand
Shall sit and watch by thee?

Living, thou dost not live,
If mercy's spring run dry ;
What Heaven has lent thee wilt thou
freely give,
Dying, thou shalt not die!

He promised even so!
To thee His lips repeat, —
Behold, the tears that soothed thy
sister's woe
Have washed thy Master's feet!





The Old South Church, Boston,

From which sallied forth the Patriots, disguised as Indians, who threw the tea overboard in Boston Harbor, December 16, 1773.

A BALLAD OF THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY.

No! never such a draught was poured
 Since Hebe served with nectar
 The bright Olympians and their
 Lord,

Her over-kind protector, —
 Since Father Noah squeezed the
 grape

And took to such behaving
 As would have shamed our grandsire
 ape

Before the days of shaving, —
 No! ne'er was mingled such a draught
 In palace, hall, or arbor,
 As freemen brewed and tyrants
 quaffed

That night in Boston Harbor!
 It kept King George so long awake
 His brain at last got addled,

It made the nerves of Britain shake
 With sevenscore millions saddled;
 Before that bitter cup was drained,
 Amid the roar of cannon,
 The Western war-cloud's crimson
 stained

The Thames, the Clyde, the Shan-
 non;

Full many a six-foot grenadier
 The flattened grass had measured,
 And many a mother many a year
 Her tearful memories treasured;
 Fast spread the tempest's darkening
 pall

The mighty realms were troubled,
 The storm broke loose, but first of
 all

The Boston teapot bubbled!

An evening party, — only that,
 No formal invitation,
 No gold-laced coat, no stiff cravat,
 No feast in contemplation,
 No silk-robed dames, no fiddling band,
 No flowers, no songs, no dancing, —
 A tribe of Red men, axe in hand, —
 Behold the guests advancing!
 How fast the stragglers join the
 throng,
 From stall and workshop gathered!
 The lively barber skips along
 And leaves a chin half-lathered;
 The smith has flung his hammer
 down, —
 The horseshoe still is glowing;
 The truant tapster at the Crown
 Has left a beer-cask flowing;
 The cooper's boys have dropped the
 adze,
 And trot behind their master;
 Up run the tarry ship-yard lads, —
 The crowd is hurrying faster, —
 Out from the Millpond's purlieus gush
 The streams of white-faced millers,
 And down their slippery alleys rush
 The lusty young Fort-Hillers;
 The ropewalk lends its 'prentice
 crew, —
 The tories seize the omen:
 "Ay, boys, you'll soon have work
 to do
 For England's rebel foemen,
 'King Hancock,' Adams, and their
 gang,
 That fire the mob with treason, —
 When these we shoot and those we
 hang
 The town will come to reason."

On — on to where the tea-ships ride!
 And now their ranks are forming, —
 A rush, and up the Dartmouth's side
 The Mohawk band is swarming!
 See the fierce natives! What a glimpse
 Of paint and fur and feather,

As all at once the full-grown imps
 Light on the deck together!
 A scarf the pigtail's secret keeps,
 A blanket hides the breeches, —
 And out the curséd cargo leaps,
 And overboard it pitches!

O woman, at the evening board
 So gracious, sweet, and purring,
 So happy while the tea is poured,
 So blest while spoons are stirring,
 What martyr can compare with thee,
 The mother, wife, or daughter,
 That night, instead of best Bohea,
 Condemned to milk and water!

Ah, little dreams the quiet dame
 Who plies with rock and spindle
 The patient flax, how great a flame
 You little spark shall kindle!
 The lurid morning shall reveal
 A fire no king can smother
 Where British flint and Boston steel
 Have clashed against each other!
 Old charters shrivel in its track,
 His Worship's bench has crumbled,
 It climbs and clasps the union-jack,
 Its blazoned pomp is humbled,
 The flags go down on land and sea
 Like corn before the reapers;
 So burned the fire that brewed the tea
 That Boston served her keepers!

The waves that wrought a century's
 wreck
 Have rolled o'er Whig and Tory;
 The Mohawks on the Dartmouth's
 deck
 Still live in song and story;
 The waters in the rebel bay
 Have kept the tea-leaf savor;
 Our old North-Enders in their spray
 Still taste a Hyson flavor;
 And Freedom's teacup still o'erflows
 With ever fresh libations,
 To cheat of slumber all her foes
 And cheer the wakening nations!

SPRING HAS COME.

INTRA MUROS.

THE sunbeams, lost for half a year,
 Slant through my pane their morn-
 ing rays;
 For dry northwesterners cold and clear,
 The east blows in its thin blue haze.

And first the snowdrop's bells are seen,
 Then close against the sheltering
 wall
 The tulip's horn of dusky green,
 The peony's dark unfolding ball.

The golden-chaliced crocus burns;
 The long narcissus-blades appear;
 The cone-beaked hyacinth returns
 To light her blue-flamed chande-
 lier.

The willow's whistling lashes, wrung
 By the wild winds of gusty March,
 With sallow leaflets lightly strung,
 Are swaying by the tufted larch.

The elms have robbed their slender
 spray
 With full-blown flower and embryo
 leaf;
 Wide o'er the clasping arch of day
 Soars like a cloud their hoary chief.

See the proud tulip's flaunting cup,
 That flames in glory for an hour, —
 Behold it withering, — then look up, —
 How meek the forest monarch's
 flower !

When wake the violets, Winter dies;
 When sprout the elm-buds, Spring is
 near ;
 When lilacs blossom, Summer cries,
 " Bud, little roses ! Spring is here ! "

The windows blush with fresh bou-
 quets,
 Cut with the May-dew on their lips;
 The radish all its bloom displays,
 Pink as Aurora's finger-tips.

Nor less the flood of light that showers
 On beauty's changed corolla-
 shades, —
 The walks are gay as bridal bowers
 With rows of many-pétalled maids.

The scarlet shell-fish click and clash
 In the blue barrow where they slide;
 The horseman, proud of streak and
 splash,
 Creeps homeward from his morning
 ride.

Here comes the dealer's awkward
 string,
 With neck in rope and tail in knot, —
 Rough colts, with careless country-
 swing,
 In lazy walk or slouching trot.

Wild filly from the mountain-side,
 Doomed to the close and chafing
 thills,
 Lend me thy long, untiring stride
 To seek with thee thy western hills !

I hear the whispering voice of Spring,
 The thrush's trill, the robin's cry,
 Like some poor bird with prisoned wing
 That sits and sings, but longs to fly.

O for one spot of living green, —
 One little spot where leaves can
 grow, —
 To love unblamed, to walk unseen,
 To dream above, to sleep below !

ROBINSON OF LEYDEN.

He sleeps not here; in hope and prayer
His wandering flock had gone before,
But he, the shepherd, might not share
Their sorrows on the wintry shore.

Before the Speedwell's anchor swung,
Ere yet the Mayflower's sail was spread,
While round his feet the Pilgrims clung,
The pastor spake, and thus he said:—

“Men, brethren, sisters, children dear!
God calls you hence from over sea;
Ye may not build by Haerlem Meer,
Nor yet along the Zuyder-Zee.

“Ye go to bear the saving word
To tribes unnamed and shores untrod:
Heed well the lessons ye have heard
From those old teachers taught of God.

“Yet think not unto them was lent
All light for all the coming days,
And Heaven's eternal wisdom spent
In making straight the ancient ways:

“The living fountain overflows
For every flock, for every lamb,
Nor heeds, though angry creeds oppose
With Luther's dike or Calvin's dam.”

He spake: with lingering, long embrace,
With tears of love and partings fond,
They floated down the creeping Maas,
Along the isle of Ysselmond.

They passed the frowning towers of Briel,
The “Hook of Holland's” shelf of sand,
And grated soon with lifting keel
The sullen shores of Fatherland.

No home for these!—too well they knew
The mitred king behind the throne;—
The sails were set, the pennons flew,
And westward ho! for worlds unknown.

—And these were they who gave us birth,
The pilgrims of the sunset wave,
Who won for us this virgin earth,
And freedom with the soil they gave.

The pastor slumbers by the Rhine, —
In alien earth the exiles lie, —
Their nameless graves our holiest shrine,
His words our noblest battle-cry!

Still cry them, and the world shall hear,
Ye dwellers by the storm-swept sea!
Ye have not built by Haerlem Meer,
Nor on the land-locked Zuyder-Zee!

THE COMET.

THE Comet! He is on his way,
And singing as he flies;
The whizzing planets shrink before
The spectre of the skies;
Ah! well may regal orbs burn blue,
And satellites turn pale,
Ten million cubic miles of head,
Ten billion leagues of tail!

On, on by whistling spheres of light
He flashes and he flames;
He turns not to the left nor right,
He asks them not their names;
One spurn from his demoniac heel, —
Away, away they fly,
Where darkness might be bottled up
And sold for "Tyrian dye."

And what would happen to the land,
And how would look the sea,
If in the bearded devil's path
Our earth should chance to be?
Full hot and high the sea would boil,
Full red the forests gleam;
Methought I saw and heard it all
In a dyspeptic dream!

I saw a tutor take his tube
The Comet's course to spy;
I heard a scream, — the gathered rays
Had stewed the tutor's eye;
I saw a fort, — the soldiers all
Were armed with goggles green;
Pop cracked the guns! whiz flew the
balls!
Bang went the magazine!

I saw a poet dip a scroll
Each moment in a tub,
I read upon the warping back
"The Dream of Beelzebub;"
He could not see his verses burn,
Although his brain was fried,

And ever and anon he bent
To wet them as they dried.

I saw the scalding pitch roll down
The crackling, sweating pines,
And streams of smoke, like water-
spouts,
Burst through the rumbling mines;
I asked the firemen why they made
Such noise about the town;
They answered not, — but all the
while
The brakes went up and down.

I saw a roasting pullet sit
Upon a baking egg;
I saw a cripple scorch his hand
Extinguishing his leg;
I saw nine geese upon the wing
Towards the frozen pole,
And every mother's gosling fell
Crisped to a crackling coal.

I saw the ox that browsed the grass
Writhe in the blistering rays,
The herbage in his shrinking jaws
Was all a fiery blaze;
I saw huge fishes, boiled to rags,
Bob through the bubbling brine;
And thoughts of supper crossed my
soul;
I had been rash at mine.

Strange sights! strange sounds! O
fearful dream!
Its memory haunts me still,
The steaming sea, the crimson glare
That wreathed each wooded hill;
Stranger! if through thy reeling brain
Such midnight visions sweep,
Spare, spare, O, spare thine evening
meal,
And sweet shall be thy sleep!



TREES.

THERE is a mother-idea in each particular kind of tree, which, if well marked, is probably embodied in the poetry of every language. Take the oak, for instance, and we find it always standing as a type of strength and endurance. I wonder if you ever thought of the single mark of supremacy which distinguishes this tree from all our other forest-trees? All the rest of them shirk the work of resisting gravity; the oak alone defies it. It chooses the horizontal direction for its limbs, so that their whole weight may tell, — and then stretches them out fifty or sixty feet, so that the strain may be mighty enough to be worth resisting. You will find that, in passing from the extreme downward droop of the branches of the weeping-willow to the extreme upward inclination of those of the poplar, they sweep nearly half a circle. At 90° the oak stops short; to slant upward another degree would mark infirmity of purpose; to bend downwards, weakness of organization. The American elm betrays something of both; yet sometimes, as we shall see, puts on a certain resemblance to its sturdier neighbor. — *From THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.*



THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE: OR THE WONDERFUL
"ONE-HOSS SHAY."

A LOGICAL STORY.

HAVE you heard of the wonderful
one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but
stay,
I'll tell you what happened without
delay,

Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits, —
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive, —
Snuffy old drone from the German
hive.

That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her
down,
And Braddock's army was done so
brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-
hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you
what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest
spot, —
In hub, tire, fellow, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, — lurk-
ing still
Find it somewhere you must and
will, —
Above or below, or within or with-
out, —
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but does n't
wear out.

But the Deacon swore, (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I
tell yeou,")
He would build one shay to beat the
taown
'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry
raoun';
It should be so built that it *could n'*
break daown.
—"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's
mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan the
strain;
'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the
rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village
folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,

That could n't be split nor bent nor
broke, —
That was for spokes and floor and
sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the
thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the
straightest trees,
The panels of white-wood, that cuts
like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like
these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's
ellum," —
Last of its timber, — they could n't
sell 'em,
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between
their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-
tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and
wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old
hide
Found in the pit when the tanner
died.
That was the way he "put her
through." —
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow
she'll dew."

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing
less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned
gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grand-children — where
were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss-
shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-
day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED;— it came and found

The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.

Eighteen hundred increased by ten;—

"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.

Eighteen hundred and twenty came;— Running as usual; much the same.

Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then came fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.
Little of all we value here

Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year

Without both feeling and looking queer.

In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,

So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it. — You're welcome. — No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER, — the Earth-quake-day. —

There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,

A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.

There could n't be — for the Deacon's art

Had made it so like in every part
That there was n't a chance for one to start.

For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,

And the floor was just as strong as the sills,

And the panels just as strong as the floor.

And the whippletree neither less nor more,

And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,

And spring and axle and hub *encore*.

And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out*!

First of November, 'Fifty-five!

This morning the parson takes a drive.

Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,

Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.

"Huddup!" said the parson. — Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text, —

Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed

At what the — Moses — was coming next.

All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.

— First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill, —

And the parson was sitting upon a rock,

At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock. —

Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!

— What do you think the parson found,

When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,

As if it had been to the mill and ground.

You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,

How it went to pieces all at once, —
All at once, and nothing first, —

Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay,

Logic is logic. That's all I say.

SOCIAL DISTINCTIONS.

I THINK it is unpopular in this country to talk much about gentlemen and gentlewomen. People are touchy about social distinctions, which no doubt are often invidious and quite arbitrary and accidental, but which it is impossible to avoid recognizing as facts of natural history. Society stratifies itself everywhere, and the stratum which is generally recognized as the uppermost will be apt to have the advantage in easy grace of manner and in unassuming confidence, and consequently be more agreeable in the superficial relations of life. To compare these advantages with the virtues and utilities would be foolish. Much of the noblest work in life is done by ill-dressed, awkward, ungainly persons; but that is no more reason for undervaluing good manners and what we call high-breeding, than the fact that the best part of the sturdy labor of the world is done by men with exceptionable hands is to be urged against the use of Brown Windsor as a preliminary to appearance in cultivated society. — *From THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.*

Society has subdivided itself enough to have a place for every form of talent. Thus if a man show the least sign of ability as a sculptor or a painter, for instance, he finds the means of education and a demand for his services. Even a man who knows nothing but science will be provided for, if he does not think it necessary to hang about his birthplace all his days, — which is a most un-American weakness. The apron-strings of an American mother are made of India-rubber. Her boy belongs where he is wanted; and that young Marylander of ours spoke for all our young men, when he said that his home was wherever the stars and stripes blew over his head. — *From THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.*

Nothing is better known than the distinction of social ranks which exists in every community, and nothing is harder to define: The great gentlemen and ladies of a place are its real lords and masters and mistresses; they are the *quality*, whether in a monarchy or a republic; mayors and governors and generals and senators and ex-presidents are nothing to them. How well we know this, and how seldom it finds a distinct expression! Now I tell you truly, I believe in man as man, and I disbelieve in all distinctions except such as follow the natural lines of cleavage in a society which has crystallized according to its own true laws. But the essence of equality is to be able to say the truth; and there is nothing more curious than these truths relating to the stratification of society. — *From THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.*



FREEDOM, OUR QUEEN.

LAND where the banners wave last in the sun,
Blazoned with star-clusters, many in one,
Floating o'er prairie and mountain and sea;
Hark! 't is the voice of thy children to thee!

Here at thine altar our vows we renew
Still in thy cause to be loyal and true, —
True to thy flag on the field and the wave,
Living to honor it, dying to save!

Mother of heroes! if perfidy's blight
Fall on a star in thy garland of light,
Sound but one bugle-blast! Lo! at the sign
Armies all panoplied wheel into line!

Hope of the world! thou hast broken its chains, —
Wear thy bright arms while a tyrant remains,
Stand for the right till the nations shall own
Freedom their sovereign, with Law for her throne!

Freedom! sweet Freedom! our voices resound,
Queen by God's blessing, unsceptred, uncrowned!
Freedom, sweet Freedom, our pulses repeat,
Warm with her life-blood, as long as they beat!

Fold the broad banner-stripes over her breast, —
Crown her with star-jewels Queen of the West!
Earth for her heritage, God for her friend,
She shall reign over us, world without end!



THE TWO STREAMS.

BEHOLD the rocky wall
That down its sloping sides
Pours the swift rain-drops, blending, as they fall,
In rushing river-tides!

Yon stream, whose sources run
Turned by a pebble's edge,
Is Athabasca, rolling toward the sun
Through the cleft mountain-ledge.

The slender rill had strayed,
But for the slanting stone,
To evening's ocean, with the tangled braid
Of foam-flecked Oregon.

So from the heights of Will
Life's parting stream descends,
And, as a moment turns its slender rill,
Each widening torrent bends, —

From the same cradle's side,
From the same mother's knee, —
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
One to the Peaceful Sea!



THE FRONT-DOOR AND SIDE-DOOR TO OUR FEELINGS.

EVERY person's feelings have a front-door and a side-door by which they may be entered. The front-door is on the street. Some keep it always open; some keep it latched; some, locked; some bolted, — with a chain that will let you peep in, but not get in; and some nail it up, so that nothing can pass its threshold. This front-door leads into a passage which opens into an ante-room, and this into the interior apartments. The side-door opens at once into the sacred chambers.

There is almost always at least one key to this side-door. This is carried for years hidden in a mother's bosom. Fathers, brothers, sisters, and friends, often, but by no means so universally, have duplicates of it. The wedding-ring conveys a right to one; alas, if none is given with it!

If nature or accident has put one of these keys into the hands of a person who has the torturing instinct, I can only solemnly pronounce the words that Justice utters over its doomed victim, — *The Lord have mercy on your soul!* You will probably go mad within a reasonable time, — or, if you are a man, run off and die with your head on a curb-stone, in Melbourne or San Francisco, — or, if you are a woman, quarrel and break your heart, or turn into a pale, jointed petrification that moves about as if it were alive, or play some real life-tragedy or other.

Be very careful to whom you trust one of these keys of the side-door. The fact of possessing one renders those even who are dear to you very terrible at times. You can keep the world out from your front-door, or receive visitors only when you are ready for them; but those of your own flesh and blood, or of certain grades of intimacy, can come in at the side-door, if they will, at any hour and in any mood. Some of them have a scale of your whole nervous system, and can play all the gamut of your sensibilities in semitones, — touching the naked nerve-pulps as a pianist strikes the keys of his instrument. I am satisfied that there are as great masters of this nerve-playing as Vieuxtemps or Thalberg in their lines of performance. Married life is the school in which the most accomplished artists in this department are found. A delicate woman is the best instrument; she has such a magnificent compass of sensibilities! From the deep inward moan which follows pressure on the great nerves of right, to the sharp cry as the filaments of taste are struck with a crashing sweep, is a range which no other instrument possesses. A few exercises on it daily at home fit a man wonderfully for his habitual labors, and refresh him immensely as he returns from them. No stranger can get a great many notes of torture out of a human soul; it takes one that knows it well, — parent, child, brother, sister, intimate. Be very careful to whom you give a side-door key; too many have them already. — *From THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.*

THE LAST CHARGE.

Now, men of the North! will you join
in the strife
For country, for freedom, for honor,
for life?
The giant grows blind in his fury and
spite, —
One blow on his forehead will settle
the fight!

Flash full in his eyes the blue light-
ning of steel,
And stun him with cannon-bolts, peal
upon peal!
Mount, troopers, and follow your game
to its lair,
As the hound tracks the wolf and the
beagle the hare!

Blow, trumpets, your summons, till
sluggards awake!
Beat, drums, till the roofs of the faint-
hearted shake!
Yet, yet, ere the signet is stamped on
the scroll,
Their names may be traced on the
blood-sprinkled roll!

Trust not the false herald that painted
your shield:
True honor *to-day* must be sought on
the field!
Her scutcheon shows white with a
blazon of red, —
The life-drops of crimson for liberty
shed!

The hour is at hand, and the moment
draws nigh;
The dog-star of treason grows dim in
the sky;
Shine forth from the battle-cloud,
light of the morn,
Call back the bright hour when the
Nation was born!

The rivers of peace through our val-
leys shall run,
As the glaciers of tyranny melt in the
sun;
Smite, smite the proud parricide down
from his throne, —
His sceptre once broken, the world is
our own!

1864.





THE SEA-SHORE AND THE MOUNTAINS.

— I HAVE lived by the sea-shore and by the mountains. — No, I am not going to say which is best. The one where your place is is the best for you. But this difference there is: you can domesticate mountains, but the sea is *feræ naturæ*. You may have a hut, or know the owner of one, on the mountain-side; you see a light half-way up its ascent in the evening, and you know there is a home, and you might share it. You have noted certain trees, perhaps; you know the particular zone where the hemlocks look so black in October, when the maples and beeches have faded. All its reliefs and intaglios have electrotyped themselves in the medallions that hang round the walls of your memory's chamber. — The sea remembers nothing. It is feline. It licks your feet, — its huge flanks purr very pleasantly for you; but it will crack your bones and eat you, for all that, and wipe the crimsoned foam from its jaws as if nothing had happened. The mountains give their lost children berries and water; the sea mocks their thirst and lets them die. The mountains have a grand, stupid, lovable tranquillity; the sea has a fascinating, treacherous intelligence. The mountains lie about like huge ruminants, their broad backs awful to look upon, but safe to handle. The sea smooths its silver scales until you cannot see their joints, — but their shining is that of a snake's belly, after all. — In deeper suggestiveness I find as great a difference. The mountains dwarf mankind and foreshorten the procession of its long generations. The sea drowns out humanity and time; it has no sympathy with either; for it belongs to eternity, and of that it sings its monotonous song forever and ever. — *From THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.*





BOSTON COMMON.—THREE PICTURES.

FOR THE FAIR IN AID OF THE FUND TO PROCURE BALL'S STATUE OF
WASHINGTON.

1630.

ALL overgrown with bush and fern,
And straggling clumps of tangled
trees,
With trunks that lean and boughs
that turn,
Bent eastward by the mastering
breeze, —
With spongy bogs that drip and fill
A yellow pond with muddy rain,
Beneath the shaggy southern hill
Lies wet and low the Shawmut
plain.
And hark! the trodden branches
crack;
A crow flaps off with startled
scream;
A straying woodchuck canters back;
A bittern rises from the stream;
Leaps from his lair a frightened deer;
An otter plunges in the pool; —
Here comes old Shawmut's pioneer,
The parson on his brindled bull!

1774.

The streets are thronged with tramp-
ling feet,
The northern hill is ridged with
graves,
But night and morn the drum is beat
To frighten down the "rebel
knaves,"
The stones of King Street still are
red,
And yet the bloody red-coats come:
I hear their pacing sentry's tread,
The click of steel, the tap of drum,
And over all the open green,

Where grazed of late the harmless
kine,
The cannon's deepening ruts are seen,
The war-horse stamps, the bayonets
shine,
The clouds are dark with crimson
rain
Above the murderous hirelings' den,
And soon their whistling showers shall
stain
The pipe-clayed belts of Gage's
men.

186—.

Around the green, in morning light,
The spired and palaced summits
blaze,
And, sunlike, from her Beacon-height
The dome-crowned city spreads her
rays;
They span the waves, they belt the
plains,
They skirt the roads with bands of
white,
Till with a flash of gilded panes
Yon farthest hillside bounds the
sight.
Peace, Freedom, Wealth! no fairer
view,
Though with the wild-bird's restless
wings
We sailed beneath the noontide's blue
Or chased the moonlight's endless
rings!
Here, fitly raised by grateful hands
His holiest memory to recall,
The Hero's, Patriot's image stands;
He led our sires who won them all
November 14, 1859.

CONVERSATION.

I REALLY believe some people save their bright thoughts, as being too precious for conversation. What do you think an admiring friend said the other day to one that was talking good things, — good enough to print? “Why,” said he, “you are wasting merchantable literature, a cash article, at the rate, as nearly as I can tell, of fifty dollars an hour.” The talker took him to the window and asked him to look out and tell what he saw.

“Nothing but a very dusty street,” he said, “and a man driving a sprinkling-machine through it.”

“Why don’t you tell the man he is wasting that water? What would be the state of the highways of life, if we did not drive our *thought-sprinklers* through them with the valves open, sometimes?

“Besides, there is another thing about this talking, which you forget. It shapes our thoughts for us; — the waves of conversation roll them as the surf rolls the pebbles on the shore. Let me modify the image a little. I rough out my thoughts in talk as an artist models in clay. Spoken language is so plastic, — you can pat and coax, and spread and shave, and rub out, and fill up, and stick on so easily, when you work that soft material, that there is nothing like it for modelling. Out of it come the shapes which you turn into marble or bronze in your immortal books, if you happen to write such. Or, to use another illustration, writing or printing is like shooting with a rifle: you may hit your reader’s mind, or miss it; — but talking is like playing at a mark with the pipe of an engine: if it is within reach, and you have time enough, you can’t help hitting it.”

From THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

What a man wants to do, in talking with a stranger, is to get and to give as much of the best and most real life that belongs to the two talkers as the time will let him. *From THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.*

Talk about those subjects you have had long in your mind, and listen to what others say about subjects you have studied but recently. Knowledge and timber should n’t be much used till they are seasoned.

From THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.



MANNERS.

THOUGH books on MANNERS are
not out of print,
An honest tongue may drop a harm-
less hint.

Stop not, unthinking, every friend
you meet,
To spin your wordy fabric in the
street;
While you are emptying your collo-
quial pack,
The fiend *Lumbago* jumps upon his
back.

Nor cloud his features with the un-
welcome tale
Of how he looks, if haply thin and
pale;
Health is a subject for his child, his
wife,
And the rude office that insures his
life.

Look in his face, to meet thy neigh-
bor's soul,
Not on his garments, to detect a hole;
"How to observe," is what thy pages
show,
Pride of thy sex, Miss Harriet Mar-
tineau!
O, what a precious book the one would
be
That taught observers what they 're
not to see!

I tell in verse, — 't were better done
in prose, —
One curious trick that everybody
knows;
Once form this habit, and it 's very
strange

How long it sticks, how hard it is to
change.

Two friendly people, both disposed to
smile,

Who meet, like others, every little
while,

Instead of passing with a pleasant
bow,

And "How d'ye do?" or "How 's
your uncle now?"

Impelled by feelings in their nature
kind,

But slightly weak, and somewhat un-
defined,

Rush at each other, make a sudden
stand,

Begin to talk, expatiate, and expand;
Each looks quite radiant, seems ex-
tremely struck,

Their meeting so was such a piece of
luck;

Each thinks the other thinks he 's
greatly pleased

To screw the vice in which they both
are squeezed;

So there they talk, in dust, or mud, or
snow,

Both bored to death, and both afraid
to go!

Your hat once lifted, do not hang
your fire,

Nor, like slow Ajax, fighting still, re-
tire;

When your old castor on your crown
you clap,

Go off; you 've mounted your percus-
sion cap.



PARTING HYMN.

“Dundee.”

FATHER of Mercies, Heavenly Friend,
We seek Thy gracious throne;
To Thee our faltering prayers ascend,
Our fainting hearts are known!

From blasts that chill, from suns that
smite,
From every plague that harms;
In camp and march, in siege and fight,
Protect our men-at-arms!

Though from our darkened lives they
take
What makes our life most dear,
We yield them for their country's sake
With no relenting tear.

Our blood their flowing veins will
shed,
Their wounds our breasts will share;
O, save us from the woes we dread,
Or grant us strength to bear!

Let each unhallowed cause that brings
The stern destroyer cease,
Thy flaming angel fold his wings,
And seraphs whisper Peace!

Thine are the sceptre and the sword,
Stretch forth Thy mighty hand, —
Reign Thou our kingless nation's
Lord,
Rule Thou our throneless land!





BREAKFAST TABLE TALK.

[FROM THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.]

I KNOW nothing in English or any other literature more admirable than that sentiment of Sir Thomas Browne, "EVERY MAN TRULY LIVES, SO LONG AS HE ACTS HIS NATURE, OR SOME WAY MAKES GOOD THE FACULTIES OF HIMSELF." I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving: To reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it, — but we must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor.

I always believed in life rather than in books. I suppose every day of earth, with its hundred thousand deaths and something more of births, — with its loves and hates, its triumphs and defeats, its pangs and blisses, has more of humanity in it than all the books that were ever written, put together.

There are times in which every active mind feels itself above any and all human books.

A thought is often original, though you have uttered it a hundred times. It has come to you over a new route, by a new and express train of associations.

The more we study the body and the mind, the more we find both to be governed, not *by* but *according to* laws, such as we observe in the larger universe.

Don't flatter yourselves that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become. Except in cases of necessity, which are rare, leave your friend to learn unpleasant truths from his enemies; they are ready enough to tell them. Good-breeding *never* forgets that *amour-propre* is universal. When you read the story of the Archbishop and Gil Blas, you may laugh, if you will, at the poor old man's delusion; but don't forget that the youth was the greater fool of the two, and that his master served such a booby rightly in turning him out of doors.

Beware of rash criticisms; the rough and stringent fruit you condemn may be an autumn or a winter pear, and that which you picked up beneath the same bough in August may have been only its worm-eaten windfalls.

LEAFLETS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS.

There is no elasticity in a mathematical fact; if you bring up against it, it never yields a hair's breadth; everything must go to pieces that comes in collision with it.

Facts always yield the place of honor, in conversation, to thoughts about facts; but if a false note is uttered, down comes the finger on the key and the man of facts asserts his true dignity.

Whenever the wandering demon of Drunkenness finds a ship adrift, — no steady wind in its sails, no thoughtful pilot directing its course, — he steps on board, takes the helm, and steers straight for the maelstrom.

At thirty we are all trying to cut our names in big letters upon the walls of this tenement of life; twenty years later we have carved it, or shut up our jack-knives. Then we are ready to help others, and care less to hinder any, because nobody's elbows are in our way.

[FROM THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.]

Truth is tough. It will not break, like a bubble, at a touch; nay, you may kick it about all day, like a football, and it will be round and full at evening.

Whatever comes from the brain carries the hue of the place it came from, and whatever comes from the heart carries the heat and color of its birthplace.

A noted German physiologist spread out a minute drop of blood, under the microscope, in narrow streaks, and counted the globules, and then made a calculation. The counting by the micrometer took him *a week*. — You have, my full-grown friend, of these little couriers in crimson or scarlet livery, running on your vital errands day and night as long as you live, sixty-five billions, five hundred and seventy thousand millions.

There are about as many twins in the births of thought as of children. For the first time in your lives you learn some fact or come across some idea. Within an hour, a day, a week, that same fact or idea strikes you from another quarter. It seems as if it had passed into space and bounded back upon you as an echo from the blank wall that shuts in the world of thought. Yet no possible connection exists between the two channels by which the thought or the fact arrived.

A great many things we say can be made to appear contradictory, simply because they are partial views of a truth, and may often look unlike at first, as a front view of a face and its profile often do.

The grandest objects of sense and thought are common to all climates and civilizations. The sky, the woods, the waters, the storms, life, death, love, the hope and vision of eternity, — these are images that write themselves in poetry in every soul which has anything of the divine gift.

CLUSTER OF QUOTATIONS.

THE noblest service comes from nameless hands,
And the best servant does his work unseen.

Wind-Clouds and Star-Drifts.

No life worth naming ever comes to good
If always nourished on the selfsame food. *The Mind's Diet.*

He who reads right will rarely look upon

A better poet than his lexicon!

Poetry.

Knowledge dwells with length of days;

Wisdom walks in ancient ways.

Banquet to Chinese Embassy.

Minds roll in paths like planets;
they revolve

This in a larger, that a narrower ring.

Wind-Clouds and Star-Drifts.

We, like the leaf, the summit, or the wave,

Reflect the light our common nature gave,

But every sunbeam, falling from her throne,

Wears on our hearts some coloring of our own. *Poetry.*

How the wild swayings of our planet show

That worlds unseen surround the world we know.

Our Limitations.

Heaven asks no surplice round the heart that feels,

And all is holy where devotion kneels.

Poetry.

The Pilgrim's hallowed shore,
Though strewn with weeds, is granite at the core;

O rather trust that he who made her free

Will keep her true, as long as faith shall be! *A Rhymed Lesson*

O trembling Faith! though dark the morn,

A heavenly torch is thine.

The Pilgrim's Vision

Faith loves to lean on Time's destroying arm,

And age, like distance, lends a double charm. *A Rhymed Lesson.*

We see that Time robs us, we know that he cheats,

But we still find a charm in his pleasant deceits,

While he leaves the remembrance of all that was best,

Love, friendship, and hope, and the promise of rest.

Our Banker.

Be his titles what they will,

In spite of manhood's claim

The graybeard is a school-boy still

And loves his school-boy name.

The Fountain of Youth.

Lord, let War's tempest cease,

Fold the whole Earth in peace

Under thy wings!

Make all Thy nations one,

All hearts beneath the sun,

Till Thou shalt reign alone,

Great King of kings!

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